

Pale-Faced Women

You ladies, who have pale faces, sallow complexions, dark circles under eyes, drawn features and tired, worn-out expressions, you need a tonic.

The tonic you need is Cardui, the woman's tonic. It is the best tonic for women, because its ingredients are specifically adapted for women's needs. They act on the womanly organs and help to give needed strength and vitality to the worn-out womanly frame.

Cardui is a vegetable medicine. It contains no minerals, no iron, no potassium, no lime, no glycerin, no dangerous, or habit-forming drugs of any kind.

It is perfectly harmless and safe, for young and old to use.

Take CARDUI

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The Woman's Tonic

"After my doctor had done all he said he could for me," writes Mrs. Wm. Hilliard, of Mountainburg, Ark., "I took Cardui, on the advice of a friend, and it helped me so much. Before taking Cardui, I had suffered from female troubles for five years, but since taking it, I am in good health. I think there is some of the best advice in your book that I ever saw." Your druggist sells Cardui. Try it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

A GRUESOME DISCOVERY

Made at Houston Heights—Two Men, a Woman and Two Children Brutally Murdered.

Houston, Texas, March 16.—The most gruesome of all the horrible tragedies that have occurred in and about Houston was revealed at noon on Wednesday when the decomposed bodies of five human beings were discovered in a house at 736 Ashland street, Houston Heights. Owing to mutilation identification of the adults was difficult, but they were finally identified as the bodies of Gustave Schultz and his wife, Alice Beebe Schultz, their two small children, and Walter E. Eichman. Absolute mystery surrounds the tragedy, every theory being exploded by countervailing evidence.

Every circumstance goes to show that the victims of the terrible tragedy had been dead several days, probably since Friday night, that being the last time any of them were seen alive. When the door to the house was burst open by Sheriff Anderson the stench was unbearable and it was necessary to open all the windows from the outside before entrance could be effected. A swarm of flies filled the room. The curtains were drawn and it was dark in the room.

Entering the house, which consists of three rooms in a row, all five of the bodies were found piled together in the middle room between two beds. The body which has been identified as that of Schultz, the head of the family, was found underneath the others on the floor. On top of him was some blood-soaked bedclothing. The tiny feet of his little daughter rested on this, with her head on a bed. At his feet in a crouching position and holding the body of her infant daughter to her breast was the body of Mrs. Schultz. The space between the two beds was very narrow

and the bodies were in reality all in one gory heap. Lying on his back across the gruesome pile was the body of Eichman.

Only the body of Eichman was fully dressed. The body of Mrs. Schultz was almost nude and the children were evidently murdered while asleep. The body of Schultz was partially undressed.

The heads of the quintet had been beaten in with some blunt instrument, but this instrument was not discovered about the place and the officers were forced to conclude that all five had been murdered. They had reason to entertain the theory that one of the men had perhaps murdered the others and then committed suicide until confronted with the absence of an instrument of suicide. All were apparently attacked in the same manner and with the same degree of ferocity. The faces of the three adults were terribly mutilated and the skulls crushed in from the front. The little children were not so badly mutilated, the head in human form evidently contenting himself with one blow on the skull of each; a blow that crushed the tender bones, however.



MISS NELLIE RICHARDS
Lyric Theatre Tonight.

"Too Late"

By L. B. C. M.

"So you won't marry me?"

"I do think it's a sin, Jack, for you to insist, when you know this is my first season, and I have looked forward to at least two years more of freedom."

"Very well, Dorothy, I won't say another word. I trust your seasons will be bright, and I will endeavor to do my best to make them so."

"Oh, Jack, you are a dear! We'll not be sweethearts for some time; we'll pretend we're only chums."

Dorothy Madden was considered the prettiest girl in the state, tall and slender, with laughing eyes, auburn curls and a chin and mouth that were the envy of all the girls around.

Col. Madden had at one time been prominent in politics, but after losing his wife his health had failed and little by little his immense fortune had disappeared. It was quite a blow to the family when they found they had only their home and a few thousands left.

Jack Churchill was the heir of his uncle, Robert Vaughn, the Michigan millionaire, and was much sought after.

Two gay seasons had passed. Jack did everything to make Dorothy have a pleasant time. The many late evenings, dancing, etc., began to show on Dorothy; she was thinner, her eyes failed to have the brilliancy that at one time made them so beautiful. And Jack had never in the entire two years mentioned marriage to her.

Col. Madden, seeing the change in his daughter, and knowing that Jack had not been to him to ask for Dorothy, supposed she was grieving. Calling his daughter to him one morning, he said: "Dorothy, does Jack seem to be as attentive as ever, or have you lost your heart to another and refused the boy? You know, my dear, how we're situated. Margaret is old enough to 'come out.' You were a year her senior when you made your debut, and it isn't doing her justice. You must make up your mind to marry, and give your sister an opportunity. I cannot keep two daughters in society."

"Father," said Dorothy, "two years ago Jack asked me to marry him; I begged him to wait; I hated to settle down; since then he has never mentioned it, but I will try to look my prettiest to-night and see what I can do."

While Dorothy and her father were talking in the library, Margaret was in the summer house—but not alone!

"Sweetheart, though you haven't made your formal debut, you can marry me and we'll tour the continent and you'll have just as nice a time as any of the debutantes."

It was Jack who was pleading, and the girl he wanted this time was not Dorothy, but her younger sister.

"Well, Jack, dear," said Margaret, "guess you're right. Dad hasn't the money to keep us both in society, and Dorothy won't marry. Come, we'll go to the house and tell them the news."

There was quite a contrast between the sisters; Dorothy, tall and fair, Margaret, petite and dark, with large gray eyes and the beautiful Madden mouth.

Dorothy had just finished her talk with her father, when the door suddenly opened and Jack and Margaret, hand in hand, stood in the doorway.

"Father, Col. Madden," called both of them, "we've come to tell you," continued Jack, "we're going to be married."

Col. Madden tried to hide his surprise, for he had thought it was Dorothy, not his little Margaret, whom Jack wanted.

"Margaret," said her father, "you couldn't have looked the world over and have pleased me better. Jack," he continued, "you can have her, but remember, she is nothing but a child."

Dorothy, in the meanwhile, was trying to control her feelings. It seemed as if her heart would break, for she loved Jack dearly.

"We're to be married on my birthday," said Margaret, "which is two months from to-day."

"I am glad you have appointed an early date," said Dorothy, "for my advice to you is not to be foolish, like I was, and wait until it is too late."

Scattered Joss Worshippers.

A peculiar accident happened at San Francisco recently, when an immense box kite used for advertising purposes, suspended high over the city suddenly broke loose from its lofty mooring and sailed with great confusion down into the heart of Chinatown. It fell with a thundering crash on the roof of a Chinese joss-house, and instantly, its wire having crossed several live wires, there began a terrifying spluttering and flying of sparks. The whole building jarred when the mighty kite struck the roof, and the fireworks that succeeded sent terror to the hearts of priests and worshippers, who made a mad rush for the street.

Goose Thirty-Two Years Old.
John Henry Mattox, whose home is in Goosepond district, is possessor of a goose 32 years old. Its next birthday comes in June. The goose stands a good chance of living quite a while longer. And, doubtless, Mr. Mattox would not part with the bird that has been a member of his barnyard family for so long for any consideration. There is also among his collection a peafowl that if he lives to celebrate its next birthday, will be 35 years old. —Oglethorpe Echo.

Baby Jim, Baby Teddy and Kitty Kate

"Why don't you marry one or the other of us?" said Teddy. "Lord knows, we have asked you often enough; at least I have."

Thompson, who had invited Kate and Teddy to share a homeward-bound journey in his automobile, was busy getting his machine under way. Teddy Walton and Jim Thompson had long been suitors for the hand of "Kitty Kate," as dainty Katherine Comstock had been quaintly nicknamed by her friends.

A good-natured girl, she was pretty and playful—maybe that's why they called her "Kitty Kate."

At any rate, said Kitty Kate to Teddy: "The reason I don't put one or the other of you out of misery is this: Neither one of you babies knows what he wants or why he wants it."

Thompson heard what Kitty Kate said, and he laughed. "That's another one she handed Teddy," he thought—then again:

"I guess it was handed me just as well." And the car was shooting along now at a speed that was faster than the ordinances allowed and Thompson wasn't steering the car very well, either, because he was trying to hear what Kitty Kate and Teddy were saying.

"Crash!" the car had run plump into a big brewery wagon. There was a noise of rending wood and metal. When Thompson regained consciousness he was in a room in a hospital. Teddy was in the next cot to his own.

"She?" asked Thompson. "Never touched her," said Teddy. "Good!" but you are a tough looking object," said Thompson. "A horse apiece," said Teddy.

Of course Kitty Kate came with a great big bunch of American beauties, and oranges, and cigars with crimson bands on them—which the doctor secretly threw under the bed. Teddy was not badly hurt and was taken home. It was different with Jim. That fractured leg of his was bound up, a rope attached to it, and a bag of sand held it in place over a pulley.

A little child was brought in and placed in the cot that had been occupied by Teddy. "Poor little thing," thought Thompson.

Night came on. Thompson had fallen asleep, a fitful sleep, awakened by an unending, annoying repetition of a phrase, "Mamma, dwink; please give baby dwink."

He looked over at the child. "Mamma, dwink," she repeated. "By —, you'll have it, kid," said big Jim Thompson. He felt the rope that bound his lacerated leg to the foot of the bed, pulled himself across the iron table and reached the next cot. The pain was fierce.

"Here, old man," he said to the baby, handing her a cup, "take a drink." The baby put her lips to it and cried: "Mamma, I want a dwink!" There was nothing in the cup. "D — it!" exclaimed big Jim. "I drank that water myself. I forgot."

It was a real hell for Jim to struggle back to bed, but he didn't mind; he heard but the child's voice: "Mamma, a dwink," but it had sung away, vanished forever.

They took Jim home two days after. It was weeks before he could hobble on crutches. His first visit was to Kitty Kate. "I want you to marry me," he said.

"Have you forgotten," she said, softly, "about the baby that cries for a drink that it does not need?"

"Ah," he replied, "they told you of that incident of the hospital. I did not know it was known, but I suppose I spoke of it in my delirium. Poor kid, I couldn't even reach the button to call the nurse. I was all in, Kitty Kate, all in, or that kid would have had that drink—but what has that to do with you—or me—or—"

"Oh, Jim," said Kitty Kate, "it made me decide; it made me take one of two big babies—Baby Jim or Baby Teddy—and I'm going to take Baby Jim, and Baby Teddy says that if I couldn't take him, he'd rather see me have Baby Jim than any one else."

A Mill Worth Seeing.

Some of the local admirers of Joe Grim, the Italian pugilist of Altoona, have been telling a new story on him lately. It is a well-known fact that Joe will fight most anybody who comes along and that he is absolutely fearless. He pays no attention whatever to class and he appears to regard almost every new name that he hears as that of a fighter he ought to meet. Not long ago they were arranging a fight for Joe in Altoona, and there was some bickering over the percentages. Finally it was pointed out to Joe that Altoona was a good show town.

"Why, Maxine Elliott played to a \$4,000 house here the other night," said one of the fight promoters.

Quick as a flash Joe snapped back: "I'll fight that 'Max' Elliott, too!" —Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

"Foolish Question" of Queen.

Queen Amelia was out in her touring car lately when she lost her way. They got from one country road into another without getting their bearings or meeting anyone. Finally they met a countryman and the chauffeur hailed him and asked the way. The man looked at the magnificent car and then at the company, and then gave a smile of great shrewdness. "Just as if you didn't know," he answered.

Danderine

GROWS HAIR

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PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes: "As a result of using Danderine, my hair is close to five feet in length."

Beautiful Hair at Small Cost

HAIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (as in plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL., with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.



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